Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.
Herauld. I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiestie.
Glos. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.
Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon.
Const. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
Burb. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
Bur. I bearing me, I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

Con. By